I relied on my Queen, all too blindly, 'tis true.

But the blunder was not on my part;
I could give you no Diamonds, that you well know:

But how could I tell you'd no Heart? I sacrificed all for the sake of your Hand I even abandoned my Club; But all to no purpose! you don't understand. And, as Hamlet would say, "There's the Rub."

Ion want an Establishment? Once you averred You would follow my lead anywhere; And for once you spoke truth when you said you preferred Whitechapel to Cavendish Square.

Well! I'm wiser in several Points than I was, Your Shuffling's no longer of use; I thought I could count on your Honor, alas! You repaid me by playing the Dence, —The Cornhill Magazine.

THE GOLDEN WATERFALL.

Angela was playing a little Mexican air on the old piano that stood by the open window of the vine-clad mission in San Felipe. From without came the drowsy hum of bees in the Padre's garden and the rustle of the orange trees in the grove. At intervals the soft south wind carried with it the distant sound of falling waters that came from the white-crested Jan Juanita mountains beyond and poured in a narrow stream of silver into the river of gold below. The music seemed strangely in sympathy with these varied sounds. It told a story—a story of a tempest and a calm—of a torrent dashing madly over rocks and stones. Then the melody changed. The torrent became a brook that rippled gently over the rock and fell upon the pool below "Very like a waterfall?" repeated the old

Padre, when Angela had left the room, "Why should it not be? It is the song of the golden Falls that Angela played. Old?
Not very. I remember when it first was heard. Has it a story? Listen and I will tell you. There were two boys, Manuel and tell you. There were two boys, Manuel and Pablo, born in a valley beyond those moun-tains yonder. How long ago I cannot tell without reckoning up the years. In looking back, time never is as it seems to be. Some weeks are years in length to the memory, and some years slip by like hours. It was long before you were born, though, that these two lads came into the world. Manuel's father raised herds of sheep on the Mejian hills. The father of Pablo had a vineyard in the valley. The two men were kinsmen, and the boys grew up like brothers.

Manuel was the older and stronger. It was he who made the arrows and bent the bow that Pablo used in hunting over the hills, and when Pablo was footsore and weary it was Manuel who helped him over the rough places, and once when the fields were blighted by the drought, and they had wandered over the mountains in search of a stream that Ignacio, the garrulous old In-dian herder, had told them of—a stream that was fed by the mountain snow, and never ran dry—Pablo broke his leg, and Manuel carried him home to the valley,

Manuel carried him home to the valley, three miles, on his back.

Manuel was tall. His shoulders were broad, and his back was as straight as yonder stone wall. He was dark in the face and his eyes were black. Pablo was slender and fair. His hair was the color of corn silk when the sun shone on it, and his eyes were blue as the silver lake at mid-day. He was gentle in his manner. Yet, with this dissimilarity in their characteristics, the two boys were knit together by ties that were stronger than blood. Riding on their ponies, hunting with their arrows and traps, studying in the mission school at the knees of an old Padre, and on Sunday dressed in their white cassocks, carrying lighted candles to mass in the little chapel, they were always together. Thus, side by side without a quarrel, they grew almost to manhood. dissimilarity in their characteristics, the two boys were knit together by ties that were stronger than blood. Riding on their ponies, hunting with their arrows and traps, studying in the mission school at the knees of an old Padre, and on Sunday dressed in their white cassocks, carrying lighted candles to mass in the little chapel, they were always together. Thus, side by side without a quarrel, they grew almost to manhood.

When Manuel was nearly the age of twenty, and Pablo was two years younger, came their first trouble in the form of a woman. Angela was her name. She was the Padre's niece, and with her widowed mother made her home in the mission and

mother made her home in the mission and busied herself caring for the village sick, comforting the afflicted, watching with the dead and singing in the chapel choir. But that was not all her life. On fete days Angela led the dance, and in all the village there was not one among the maidens so light of foot, bright of eyes, and merry of face as she. Was it to be wondered at that face as she. Was it to be wondered at that both of these lads should love her? And yet there were two who would have pon dered deeply over it and been pained had they known it. Manuel had known Angela since they were children. He had watched her grow from babyhood to fair young girlhood, and now that she had become a woman he had learned to love her, and his happiest dreams were of her and the little home they would have when he had a herd of his own and had asked her to be his wife. Pablo knew nothing of his friend's love. Pablo knew nothing of his friend's love. Why should he? Manuel had not spoken of

Why should be? Manuel had not spoken of it, and Pablo's life was so filled with the bright sunlight of the valley, with his work in the vineyard, and its purple harvest, that he had little thought for aught else. Besides, the youth himself loved Angela.

It was one Sunday late in the summer. No fain had fallen for weeks. Day after No fain had fallen for weeks. Day after day the sun had hung in the sky a great ball of fire, slowly drying the streams and parching the earth. The sheep raised clouds of dust as they tramped over the meadows -clouds that rose a little in the air and set-tled down again to cover the struggling blades of grass with a coat of brown. The trees drooped and leaves rattled like parchtrees drooped and leaves rattled like parch-ment in the evening wind. The vines hung limp on their treillses, and the green grapes shriveled and wrinkled like walnut shells. The valley was slowly dying in the awful heat, and the old men gathered together in little knots in the evening and shook their head orninously, and the women wept as they looked over their gardens and saw the killing blight.

Manuel had stopped after the service was ended with the Padre in the dressing-room back of the sacristan, while the father hung his vestments on the pegs back of the door and waited until the villagers had left the church. The Padre walked with him to the

"So you are going to-morrow, my son?"

'Yes, father." "But the way is long?"
"I know it, father."

And dangerous, too. There will be no

"Enough for Pablo and for me."

But you may not find the mine?"

"The Indian spoke fairly, and pointed out the way plainly, as one who told the truth. But he may have been mistaken, But the nugget, father. Saw you not

"True, I did see it. Gold, virgin gold, and heavy, too. There may have been no more of them, though. Perhaps that was the only one. Have you thought it over

"Gravely, father, and my mind is set upon the trial. We will start with the sun to-

And so the twain parted, Manuel kneeling by the cloor while the old Padre gave him his blessing, and with light heart the young man walked through the grove to rejoin his

Through a turn in the path between the high rocks over the spring he saw his friend. He was about to call again, but the words died on his lips. He pressed his hand to his head and sank down a moment at the foot of the oak, as though he were suddenly weary. Pablo was sitting on the moss by the shrine, and the murmur of his voice was carried to him by the breeze. Angela was by his side and her hand was clasped in his. She was shedding tears, and Pablo, with gentle care, was tenderly drying them as they fell, and was soothing her as best he could

spoke softly in return, bidding her to be

brave and all would be well.
"Let Manuel go alone. He is strong. He is brave. He loves you. He will make this journey for you, my love. For what is gold to me when you are gone?"

Manuel roused himself as from a dream and staggered back from the path and threw himself on his face among the graves in the churchyard. "Nothing, Pabla?"

For three days Manuel and his friend had ollowed the rocky sides of the mountain orge, picks in hand. For three long days hey had found gold a score of times only o see it turn into worthless quarte beneath their blows, and the long lost mine was as far away as when they started.

far away as when they started.

In silence they prepared their evening meat. In silence they broke their bread and ate, and in silence they laid themselves down to sleep. There are times, my son, when the heart is to heavy for speech.

Another day of disappointment followed by another, and so the week wore away. It was the Monday after they had left their home. One pocket alone remained un-

It was the Monday after they had left their home. One pocket alone remained unsearched. It was high up in the gorge, and Manuel had fastened his rope around Pablo's waist, and was lowering him over the side of the steep rock. The rope was strong, and Pablo was light, but it is no light task to lower a man down a precipice rope to slip-it would be such an easy thing, it really would not be his fault-and thing, it really would not be his fault—and were Pablo to die, who would know how he died? With Pablo dead, he alone would find the gold, and with Pablo dead Angela would be free. Who was Pablo? This fair-haired boy, with hands like a woman, and a heart like a babe. Bah! How he had a heart like a babe. Bah! How he had a heart like a babe. Bah! How he had a patriotism and whiskey, and rough and tumble.

body lie? Was it in a little heap at the foot of the rocks, or had the rope caught in the gorge, and was it hanging there in mid-air swaying in the wind from side to side, like the man who was hanged on the viilage plaza and left there as a terror to evil doers?

He dared not look.

He crawled slowly to the edge and was about to look over, when with a cry of horror he shrank back and hid his eyes with horror he shrank back and hid his eyes with his hand. He saw Angela before him—white faced Angela, and heard her ask him what he had done with Pablo—her Pablo, and his soul sickened within him. He tried to pray but he could not. The words of Padre Noster slipped from his memory, and only a sense of his own unutterable misery remained in their stead.

Finally he drew himself to the cliff and forced himself to peer over the edge. The

forced himself to peer over the edge. The rope stopped at the mouth of the pocket, where it disappeared from sight. At the foot of the craig there was nothing but the stones his pick had turned up the day before. Where had the body fallen?

"Mannel! Mannel"

fore. Where had an "Manuel" man The guilty man started. His heart stopped beating. Who was that? "Manuel! Manuel!" called the voice

kissed him on both cheeks, and wept upon him as a father to a long lost child come It would not be wise to waste more time

It would not be wise to waste more time in this accursed gorge. They both agreed to that, the next morning when they awoke. The Indian had deceived them. There was but one more thing to do. Up the rocks two miles or more there was a cleft that had not been carefully explored. One of them should spend the day in searching it while the other waited below the cave. It was Manuel who went All that wave day he the other waited below the cave. It was Manuel who went. All that weary day he groped among the rocks and plied his pick, until his broad back ached and his arms were stiff and sore. All for nothing. Rocks, and nothing but rocks. Not even a trace of gold. At nightfall he returned, sick at heart and despairing. As he approached the camp he stopped and listened for the sound of Pablo's voice or the ring of his pick. He is resting, he thought.

Yes, Pablo was resting, Lying on his back under the trees, he was dozing, Manuel came to his side and spoke to him.

nel came to his side and spoke to him.
"I found nothing, Pablo," he said.
"Nothing, Manuel? Then let ue go home

I am so tired, and my head pains me. My arms are racked with agony. Let us go home to-night." Manuel stooped and felt his head. His brow was hot and his eyes were bright with

"Not to-night Pablo. To-morrow we will go home," and he stroked his head and fetched him water from the spring. During the night Pablo rapidly grew worse. He rolled and tossed on his bed of

leaves, and called upon his father and his mother, and mingled the name of Angela

with theirs. Then he fell asleep. Manuel started from his feet and lis-

"Angela, love, why don't you answer me? Are you not here?" The sick man was dreaming.
"Yes, I am here, Pablo," answered Man-

uel. "Take my hand in yours. There. I'm so glad to be at home one once more. And I won't have to go away again, will I, dear?

"And the gold, Angela—the gold. More of it than you ever saw before. Great round nuggets, rich and pure. All yours and mine and Manuel's. And we can be married now, my Angela."
"Yes, Pablo."

"We found it only yesterday. It lay at our feet, and I gathered it up for you." Yes, Pablo,"
Why, Angela, you are weeping. This is

no time for tears, my love."
"No. Pablo, it is not," replied Manuel simply.

"Then let me wipe your eyes. Now, don't cry, love—don't cry. I am home once more, and I shal never leave you again."

"No, Pablo."

Manuel stooped over the dreaming lad and kissed him on the forehead. Soothed by the caress, Pablo sighed, closed his eyes, and fell asleep.

Slowly the time creeps on. The minutes seem hours and the hours ages to Mannel. Is this a penalty laid upon him for the crime of yesterday—a crime that lacked not his will to make it murder? The night air grows strangely cool, and the freshening wind chills the watching man to the bone. He takes off his blanket and wraps it around his sleeping comrade. The trees bend to and fro, and a falling branch crashes down the gorge, awakening the call of a frightened night bird and the howl of a wolf. Restlessly Pablo rolls on his pillow muttering words whose meaning Manuel's

ear cannot catch.

a demon, and Manuel draws his comrade closer to his side.

A sound in the distance as of a giant cascade. The roar of falling water. A peal of thunder that shakes the earth, and the torrent breaks. Manuel moves the sick man o a place of safety, and draws off his coat

to a place of safety, and draws of his coat to shelter him from the storm, and weary of watching, thus finds rest. In the morning Pablo's fever had passed its crisis. His life was saved. The storm its crisis. His life was saved. The storm had made weird changes in the valley. where yesterday was the rock-side cave, there was now the edge of a mountain water-fall. The deluge had washed away the earth, dug from their places huge rocks and hollowed out deep gullies where so lately they had sought for gold, and at their facts that of their feet there lay gold—rich nuggets of pure gold, such as the Indian had shown to them, such as Pablo had prattled of in his fevered sleep. The lost mine was found.

That, my son, is the stary of the Golden Fall. Pablo and Angela? Our Angela here, she is their daughter. And Manuel? He became a padre.—Courier Journal.

How an Orator Descended Down in southwest Missouri four or five years ago a town had all arrangements made to whoop'er up on the glorious when the slightest slip means death. So Manuel thought, and at the thought of death his brain reeled and his heart gave a bound that wenched his breast. Were the Fourth. The citizens had contributed in a crowd large and enthusiastic. The orator of the day was a thin cadaverous-looking man from St. Joe. To stand off and look him over, you'd have bet your last dollar that an old gander could have run him all around a ten-acre field. There was some lofty spirits in town that day, and one of them was Jim Bucks, a mixture of the orator up, determined to have some fun with him, and took a seat directly the rope scraping on a rock. What makes his hands so moist? It is hard to hold a slender rope with hands that are wet. The rope slides quickly. It would not take much to loosen his clasp. Shall he let go? Who would know? What is that? A cry and a sudden pull. Great God! the rope has slipped! A whirr in the ears, a reeling in the brain, and a sudden blackness.

How long Manuel was unconscious he could not tell. When he awoke he found himself at the brink of the rocks. What was he doing there? At his feet lay the end of a rope. With a shudder of horror he closed his eyes. He knew it all now. He had killed his friend. But where did the body lie? Was it in a little heap at the foot

The orator made a long jump, lighted down on Jim Bucks, and inside of two minutes he had him licked so thoroughly that Mrs. Bucks would have passed him by for a splatter of pumpkin jelly which had dropped from a dinner basket. When satisfied that his work was thoroughly done, the orator returned to the platform and continued in the same calm and unruffled

"—liberty of speech and freedom of conscience, and they found them at Ply-mouth rock." He went on and delivered a really eloquent speech, lasting nearly an hour, and he was just concluding when Jim Buck crawled out from undor a wagon half a mile away, where he had been laid, and queried of those around him:

"Say! is that feller still speakin' or fight-in'? Durn, me, but I didn't 'spose oratory included jumpin' Jim Buck's liver out of his body!"

Bluffed on a Sure Thing.

There were two of the men in our gang of Pennsylvania oil well drillers and blasters who were constantly fooling with the nitro-glycerine. They would take chances to make your hair stand on end, and the trouble was they imperilled the safety of many others. One of their favorite pastimes was to get out after noon-day lunch and toss a two-pound can of the stuff as far as they could heave it. I more than once saw them stand fifty feet apart, and on three occasions saw the can miss their clutch and fall to the earth. Our foremen and all the other men did a great deal of swearing over this foolishness, and one the men were discharged for it, but they were taken back after a time, and as we grew more used to the stuff we took more chances. One day the men got out with their can, and as the fun was about to begin our fore-

"Boys, that nonsense will be the death of you yet."
"Bet you ten to five it won't replied one

bluffed the other as he shook his wallet at The latter sailed to cover, and as he sauntered off down the hill I followed him. We had walked about 200 feet when we were suddenly lifted up and thrown flat to the earth, and then followed a crash which earth, and then followed a crash which seemed to have rocked the continent. As soon as we could get up we ran back to the derrick, or where the derrick was. It had disappeared, as well as our shanty, and on the site was a hole into which you could have dumped a cottage. Not the slightest scrap of the two can tossers could be found, and the foreman and Istood for several minutes staring into the eavily. Then he minutes staring into the cavity. Then he suddenly slapped his leg, waved his hand in disgust and growled:
"What a two-story fool I was not to take

those bets! The use of calomel for derangements of

the liver has ruined many a fine constitution. Those who, for similar troubles, have tried Aver's Pills testify to their efficiency in thoroughly remedying the malady, withut injury to the system.

Hood's Sarsaparilla is purely a vegetable preparation, being free from injurious ingre-dients. It is peculiar in its curative power.

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Allow their children to cough and strain and cough and calmly say: "Oh! it is only a little cold," and keep giving them cheap and dangerous medicines, until they are down with lung fever or consumption, when they can be so casily relieved by Beggs' Cherry Cough Syrup? It has no superior, and few equals. For sale by all druggists. R. S. Hale & Co., wholesale and retail agents.

A gentleman who had suffered great annoyance and pain from barber's itch, and had been treated by the best physicians, without relief, says that two bottles of Du-tard's Specific cured him and left his face perfectly smooth without a scar. It never fatls in skin diseases. Sold by R. S. Hale & Co., wholesale and retail agents, Helena

Cure for Piles. Itching piles are known by moisture like perspiration, producing a very disagreeable itching after getting warm. This form, as well as blind, bleeding and protruding piles, yield at once to the aplpication of Dr. Bosanko's Pile Remedy, which acts directly upon the parts affected, absorbing the tumors, allaying thecintense itching and effecting a permanent cure. Fifty cents. Address The Dr. Bosanko Medicane company, Piona, Obio, Sold by R. S. Hale pany, Piqua, Ohio. Sold by R. S. Hale & Co.

Croup Can Be Prevented.

We want every mother to know that croup "Will God never forgive a sinner? Is there a sin so great that it can not be atomed?" prays Manuel aloud in his agony. "He will carry the sick Pablo home on his shoulders. He will give him the last drop of water, the last morsel of food, if he can only buy Pablo?" he heard the maiden say.

"And what will I do while you are gone? You may be killed, and what would become of me?"

Then she buried her head in his breast, and his tears fell unheeded on her hair. He can be prevented. There is no question

Remedy as directed with each bottle, under the heading "to prevent croup," will dispel all symptoms of the disease. The first sign of croup, thoarseness, may be overlooked by young mothers or those not familiar with the disease. Under such circum-stances, or when not properly treated, the hoarseness becomes more marked and the then a peculiar rough cough is developed. Even at this stage Chamberlain's Cough Even at this stage Chamberlain's Cough Remedy will prevent the croup, but after the cough has developed, the croup is liable to appear at any moment. The proper way, is to keep a bottle of this remedy at hand. It costs but fifty cents, and only a few doses, or, at most, not over one-third of a bottle is required to dispel all symptoms of the disease. Can you afford to risk so much for so little? There pel all symptoms of the disease. Can you afford to risk so much for so little? There is not the least danger in giving this remedy in large and frequent doses, which are always required, as it contains no injurious substance. As proof of this fact, we refer to Mr. John L. Olson of Des Moines, Ia., whose 10-months-old boy drank the entire contents of a fifty cent bottle of Chamberlain's Conch remedy without the least lain's Cough remedy without the least injury. For sale by H. M. Parchen & Co.

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serve its color, abundance, and lustre, should use Ayer's Hair Vigor as a dressing. It keeps the scalp clean and cool, and is by far the most exquisite toilet preparation in the market.

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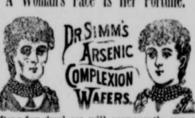
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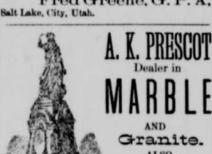
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LAND NOTICES. NOTICE OF PUBLICATION.

LAND OFFICE AT HELENA. Mont. ! NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT THE FOL lowing named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before register and receiver of Helena. Mont., on November 2, 1889, viz. Cyrus Clapp, who made D. S. No. 5694. C. E. 3935 for the swia, nwia and nwia, swia, sec. 13 and n/4 seta sec. 14, tp. 17 n.r l.w.

1 w.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz: Edwin E. James, of Chestnut, Mont., Charles W. Spaulding, of St. Clair, Mont., Thomas L. Gorham, of St. Clair, Mont., John A. Harris, of Chestnut, Mont.

S. W. LANGHORNE, Register.

First publication Oct. 1, 1899.



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